



The Anthology

Volume 2015

Article 17

May 2015

Peeling

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Recommended Citation

Renfro, Connor (2015) "Peeling," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2015 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2015/iss1/17>

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Peeling

Connor Renfroe

Thought I might be peeling
Back the layers of your shell
To caress your gelatinous core,
But merely sticking my hand
Up your shirt to stroke your tummy.

And when I meant to
Grasp your heart, perhaps
I was just groping your breast.

Pillows that I scoured,
Scavenged for your scent—
That was just me trying
To insist to myself
You were real.

Fingering the waistline,
Dancing the delicate line
To unveil your sensitivity:
Probably just a ploy
To uncover your choicest bits.